

Prepared for the Big Boom!

ENTERPRISE SURE TO WIN.

Jos. Collingwood & Co.,

FLORENCE, ARIZONA.

Calls particular attention to his large stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

For Miners, Prospectors, Farmers, Teamsters, Families, and Indeed Everybody.

EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD

JOS. COLLINGWOOD.

W. C. SMITH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

FORWARDING

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Casa Grande, A. T.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CONSIGNMENTS IN MY CARE.

MARK GOODS "CARE OF W. C. S., CASA GRANDE, A. T."

Barley, Chopped Feed, Potatoes, Flour, Beans, Bacon

and everything needed by

MINERS AND TEAMSTERS,

kept constantly on hand, and will not be undersold.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

W. E. STEVENS.

THOS. HUGHES.

STEVENS & HUGHES,

Stoves, Tinware and Crockery.

Tucson, Arizona.



LEO GOLDSCHMIDT,

Tucson, Arizona,

CARRIES THE LARGEST STOCK OF

FURNITURE!

Bedding and Carpets in Arizona.

Agent for The

Automatic Folding School Seat and Eldridge Sewing Machines.

Sole Agent for American White Bronze Co., Manufacturers of

Monuments, Headstones, Statuary, Medallions and Busts of White Bronze.

Sole Agent for NATIONAL WIRE and IRON COMPANY,

Manufacturers of

Wire and Iron Grave Guards and Fences, Ornamental Furniture for Cemeteries and Lawns. Vases, Settees, Chairs and Lawn Fountains.

Valuable Tract of Land

With an

Abundance of Water

FOR SALE.

The Undersigned will sell cheap, a tract of

320 Acres of Land,

Together with a ONE-THIRD INTEREST

in the BEST DITCH in the Valley.

The land is situated about Two and One Half

Miles East of Florence.

Terms Cash. For further Particulars en-

quire of

Florence Saloon!

Main Street, Florence.

MILLER & KEATING, Florence.

Purest Liquors at the Bar.

IMPORTED CIGARS.

Elegant Club and Reading Room.

LOVE

FLORENCE, ARIZONA.

J. B. MICHEA,

Dealer in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Reub's Dream.

RIVERSIDE, Sep. 1, 1887.

It was at Riverside stage station, on the Gila. I was sitting outside the saloon as he came up with a long submersible in his hand, with which he was trying to impress upon the mind of his patient ass, the necessity of making at least one mile an hour. He was a man probably of forty-five years old, probably six feet high, and built as though for temporary use only.

A small knot of old timers was gathered around, whittling up packing cases, and running on the good old times. As soon as the new comers had dealt his patient ass the last prod necessary to land him at the saloon door, he put his hand in the bosom of his shirt, and drew thence a chunk of ore.

In the meantime he had been greeted vociferously with "Hello Reub!" and "Hello old pard."

"Well boys," he said as he lifted up the front part of the flap and "dropping him of his old slouch hat. "Well boys," and here he ran the fore finger of his left hand over his intellectual brow, and flitting it gracefully, he besprinkled the bystanders with a shower of aromatic perspiration.

"Well boys," he reiterated, "I got her at last."

"Struck her?" was queried in a chorus. "You bet."

He handed the sample to Gadbury, the jackknife assayer.

Gadbury received it with a solemn gravity, besting his deep knowledge of the crucial jackknife test.

He then proceeded to open a somewhat rusty old pocket knife, whose sticky brown blade proclaimed its regular occupation to be tobacco cutting.

He applied the knife to the sample, with that peculiarity of touch which is known only to the true jackknife expert.

The old timers watched him intently, and strained their aural nerve to catch the first sound of the ominous grate which would proclaim it low and base, or the smooth glide, which would prove it rich and malleable.

She Gild!

Here the interrogations, congratulations, and side remarks on luck of the old timers became so jumbled up and entangled as to be unfit for publication.

At last came order out of chaos, and he was begged by Gadbury to give a full account of the "find" so as to have it published in the Enterprise.

Thus appealed to, Reub made a violent effort to clear his throat of the dust of travel, and expected with great emphasis.

The Tautonic proprietor, who stood in the doorway, graciously took the hint, and blandly remarked:

"Goin' in Reub, and take somedinks."

Reub obeyed with alacrity and a grin.

"Ein gloss lager Reub, that'll shake hands with my thorax, before it drops down. Somethin' strong."

"Votkey?"

"Yes."

Having disposed of the whiskey, he took a seat outside, and pulled from his pocket a damp looking piece of "climax" and proceeded to cut it up.

This being done, he proceeded to subject it to a vi oros tritinating process between the palms of his hands.

He then drew out an aged briar-root pipe, whose usefulness had been prolonged by patching its stem with a section of 44 calibre cartridge shell, and terminating it with a home made mouth-piece.

After using up a dozen matches, and a good deal of lung power, the smoke was a success, and the tale began.

"Boys you all know Nosey Jim; I don't know what his right name was, nor I don't think anybody else does around here."

Well I o c saved Nosey from drowning in the Gila here, when she was booming high, and he was trying to cross an he swore that if he ever should have a chance, he'd show his gratitude living or dead, I remember the words plain.

Well, that's over ten years ago now, an' soon after that he started out on a prospecting trip, from Tucson, an' was never heard from afterwards.

Well about five days ago, I went into the hills, a few miles up the river here, and one evening I got to a place where there was a little tank of water, down in a gulch.

I had been punching that old burro over the hills, and trotting around breaking pieces of float all day long, and was pretty darned tired, I tell you; so I thought I'd camp there that night.

When I got down to the little tank, I kind o'looked around a little, an' notice a pair of old curled an' warped shoes sticking out of the sand a little below and thinking it was a rather queer place to find old shoes in, I took hold o'one to pick it up, an' I'll be blowed, sir, if I didn't pull up, not only the shoe, but the leg bone of a human skeleton.

Well, my hair riz then, and dont you forget it. But after a while, I got nerved up an' come to the conclusion, that old bones could do no harm, now how?

The skull and some of the ribs, was a little further down, an' I picked up the skull an' laid it on a big rock.

The sun was'n quite down, when I'd cooked an' eaten supper, but I spread my blankets an' laid down, as I felt pretty sleepy.

Well, sir, I could'n keep my eyes off'n that darned old skull, as it sat up there on that rock, grinning just as if it knewed me.

Sometimes I'd be half asleep; but the thoughts o' that skull, kind o'keep me awake.

But I'd dose and dose, and then after a sort of a blank, I thought I saw the skull move on the rock, an' it did too. It moved along to the edge of the rock and then dropped to the ground, just as soft as if it had wings on; then the ribs and other bones commenced to wriggle around and get together and built themselves up into a regular complete skeleton; then the skull softly riz up an' took his place on top an' gave me a little nod, an' at that I tried to get up, but I couldn't move a peg. Then there was a sort

of mist gathered round him, an' it kep' gettin' thicker an' thicker, an' I closter an' closter round him, till it hid the bones, an' was just the shape of a man, an' when finished, there, sir, right before my eyes an' no mistake, was "Nosey Jim!" Here the narrator paused, to again light his pipe, and one of his auditors took this opportunity to sarcastically enquire if he didn't have a demijohn along.

Treating the questioner with contempt, he resumed the thread of his story.

I lay there, just paralysed with fear and surprise, an' he just walked up to me and sez; Reub, I've come to do you that favor, as I promised; get up an' follow me. Well, I got up then, not feeling scared like I was before, an' he struck off up the gulch an' I followed him.

Somew' I never thought about talking to him, as I followed on close behind, an' he never spoke a word to me.

Pretty soon, the gulch led us into the mouth of a deep canyon, with high bluffs on each side, an' rocky an' rough going, driving their carts and phaetons down to the station with their husbands.

The harness and horses and carriages, fresh from the hands of industrious grooms and coachmen, and unsported as yet by the dust of the day, glistened under the early morning sun. The air is cool and invigorating, and the bustle and confusion about the station has a fashionable picturesqueness about it that is charming to the student of society. After the business of the morning exodus is done, lawn tennis comes to enliven the day.

The game is exceedingly popular at Long Branch, where the fine lawns, of which I have spoken, furnish admirable courts.

About 9 o'clock in the morning you will see young men in white flannels and young ladies in loose gowns running about on the smooth turf, and entering into the game with an earnestness which fully atones for any lack of skill. Besides tennis, horseback riding claims attention.

The roads at the Branch are excellent for this exercise, and scores of equestrians may be seen every day taking a morning canter. Many of the ladies choose this part of the day to do their shopping, and East Long Branch is made very lively.

About 11 o'clock bathing begins to rise above the horizon. At the hotels the customary time for bathing is at low tide, but as the water is seldom so high or so rough in the summer that people cannot bathe at all hours, most of them select the hour of the day.

The refreshing influence of the bath prepares one to pass, with equanimity, the warm hours of the early afternoon, before the sea breeze springs up. At some of the hotels the bands give morning concerts at eleven, and these ladies who prefer to devote their afternoons to bathing sit in the parlors, listen to the music, and put forth a continuous flow of small talk. After luncheon most people at the Branch take the day leisurely, to avoid collisions.

The evening trains from New York and Philadelphia come in and carriages are dashed to and from the stations, while the hotel stages lumber along laden with incoming guests. The steamboats land at the pier, and there is a great rushing from all points of excursions who have come down from New York for the day and are eager to get seats for the return trip. Sailing vessels of all kinds are seen gliding along up and down the coast, and southern steamers pass by, generally running close in shore, dipping their flags, blowing their whistles and firing their guns. The men who have been all day in the steaming hot city rush down to the beach, don their bathing suits, and plunge into the surf. The women who could make their brilliant with the handsome costumes of ladies, the glitter of mounted harness and the flash of polished wheels.

By and by, as the dinner hour approaches, the bustle and confusion die away, or rather, transfer themselves to the hotel dining rooms, where the evening dinner is attended to in a manner which shows that the sea air is truly provocative of hunger. The evenings are usually passed in dancing, or looking at other people dance. The hotel bands play in the parlors every night, and when it is not too warm, waiting is indulged in to a great extent. Saturday evening is the fashionable night, when people from the outlying go to the hotel to dance, and a great number of dressing is made. As a general thing, however, people do not dress especially for the dancing, and full evening attire is the exception. The men who spend the day at business do not feel it incumbent upon them to put on their dress suits for the evening, and the ladies are, therefore, compelled to permit them to dance in business costume, if they so desire.—W. F. Henderson in Outlook.

A New Idea.

Two spruce looking girls stopped an open car in which I happened to be the other day, and took the seat just behind me. They were rather out of sorts, I fancy, by the tones of their voices, and the prettier of the two was evidently "taking it" for some delinquency, by which the other had suffered an annoyance. Finally she burst out with the old, familiar feminine, "Well, I don't care!" And then, with deep sigh, said: "Oh, dear, I wish I'd been born without feet! Then I shouldn't be forever treading on people's corns!" The idea was new.—Boston Herald.

Her Three Tiny Dogs.

It's pretty astounding the lengths some women go to on the dog line. I know one, and she's still at large, who keeps a "nurse" girl whose sole duty is to wash, feed and look after three tiny dogs named Pepper, Salt and Mustard. Every morning, rain or shine, the Cruet, as the neighborhood small boys call them, are driven out by the coachman, attended by the "nurse maid," for an airing. When it rains, in a covered carriage. Think of the long faces which follow the beautiful turnout, of the sick poor, of what it means to the sick poor, of what it means to the sick poor, of what it means to the sick poor.

He Planted the Bottle.

A short time ago a Beasto of South Africa, while plowing up what used to be the camp of the Cape mounted rifles, at Morosi's mountain, found a bottle of French brandy which had been buried and forgotten by some over provident trooper.

In his eagerness to add that the Beasto promptly drank the contents of the bottle, and with a faith that is almost sublime he buried the empty bottle in the ground again with the hope of getting a crop of full bottles next year.—

Life at Long Branch.

A DAY'S DOINGS AT THE FASHIONABLE SEASIDE RESORT.

Going to the Early Train—Lawn Tennis and Horseback Riding—Bathing Begins at 11 o'Clock—Afternoon Driving—Dinner and the Evening Hours.

People who live in Rome would find it difficult to pass the day as they would in Paris, and a New Yorker in Florence cannot live a day as he would in his own metropolis. Neither can a man, with all his victories over nature, pass a day in the Alps as he would on the banks of the Amazon. And so a man cannot carry out a day at Long Branch as he would at White Sulphur Springs. He does at Long Branch what the place permits him to do. Generally speaking, the summer population is up at 7 o'clock, because the great majority of the men go to New York every day to attend to business and they start at about 8.

Going to the train is the first business of the day, and a pretty sight it is to see the ladies in their fresh, white, morning gowns, driving their carts and phaetons down to the station with their husbands.

The harness and horses and carriages, fresh from the hands of industrious grooms and coachmen, and unsported as yet by the dust of the day, glistened under the early morning sun. The air is cool and invigorating, and the bustle and confusion about the station has a fashionable picturesqueness about it that is charming to the student of society. After the business of the morning exodus is done, lawn tennis comes to enliven the day.

The game is exceedingly popular at Long Branch, where the fine lawns, of which I have spoken, furnish admirable courts.

About 9 o'clock in the morning you will see young men in white flannels and young ladies in loose gowns running about on the smooth turf, and entering into the game with an earnestness which fully atones for any lack of skill. Besides tennis, horseback riding claims attention.

The roads at the Branch are excellent for this exercise, and scores of equestrians may be seen every day taking a morning canter. Many of the ladies choose this part of the day to do their shopping, and East Long Branch is made very lively.

About 11 o'clock bathing begins to rise above the horizon. At the hotels the customary time for bathing is at low tide, but as the water is seldom so high or so rough in the summer that people cannot bathe at all hours, most of them select the hour of the day.

The refreshing influence of the bath prepares one to pass, with equanimity, the warm hours of the early afternoon, before the sea breeze springs up. At some of the hotels the bands give morning concerts at eleven, and these ladies who prefer to devote their afternoons to bathing sit in the parlors, listen to the music, and put forth a continuous flow of small talk. After luncheon most people at the Branch take the day leisurely, to avoid collisions.

The evening trains from New York and Philadelphia come in and carriages are dashed to and from the stations, while the hotel stages lumber along laden with incoming guests. The steamboats land at the pier, and there is a great rushing from all points of excursions who have come down from New York for the day and are eager to get seats for the return trip. Sailing vessels of all kinds are seen gliding along up and down the coast, and southern steamers pass by, generally running close in shore, dipping their flags, blowing their whistles and firing their guns. The men who have been all day in the steaming hot city rush down to the beach, don their bathing suits, and plunge into the surf. The women who could make their brilliant with the handsome costumes of ladies, the glitter of mounted harness and the flash of polished wheels.

By and by, as the dinner hour approaches, the bustle and confusion die away, or rather, transfer themselves to the hotel dining rooms, where the evening dinner is attended to in a manner which shows that the sea air is truly provocative of hunger. The evenings are usually passed in dancing, or looking at other people dance. The hotel bands play in the parlors every night, and when it is not too warm, waiting is indulged in to a great extent. Saturday evening is the fashionable night, when people from the outlying go to the hotel to dance, and a great number of dressing is made. As a general thing, however, people do not dress especially for the dancing, and full evening attire is the exception. The men who spend the day at business do not feel it incumbent upon them to put on their dress suits for the evening, and the ladies are, therefore, compelled to permit them to dance in business costume, if they so desire.—W. F. Henderson in Outlook.

The Apache Prisoners.

Lieutenant C. B. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, D. C. to General Mills, was in the city yesterday. He has been over at San Carlos where he went to have a talk with the Indians whom he informed that the four scouts who had been tried by court martial were to be taken to San Diego. The Indians did not like the idea of their four brethren being sent away, but Lieutenant Gatewood told them they might just as well submit quietly to the sentence, for if they attempted to create any disturbance they would all be sufferers. They finally consented to submit quietly, so the prisoners were shackled and taken from the agency in the presence of the Indians. A company of soldiers accompanied them to Wilcox. They passed through on last night's train and will be taken directly to San Diego Barracks in California. The other twelve Indians who are still prisoners will in all probability be turned over to the civil authorities for trial, and as the evidence against them is pretty strong, some if not all of them are liable to have the strength of their necks well tested.—Star.

Useful and Harmful Medicines.

There is a certain class of remedies for constipation absolutely useless. These are boluses and potions made in great part of podophyllin, aloes, rhubarb, gamboge, and other worthless ingredients. The damage they do to the stomachs of those who use them is incalculable. They evacuate the bowels, it is true, but always so violently and profusely, and besides, gripe the bowels. Their effect is to weaken both them and the stomach. Better far to use the agreeable and salutary aperient, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the laxative effect of which is never preceded by pain, or accompanied by a convulsive, violent action of the bowels. On the contrary, it invigorates those organs, the stomach and the entire system, as a means of curing and preventing malarial fevers, no medicine can compare with it, and it remedies nervous debility, rheumatism, kidney and bladder inactivity, and other inorganic ailments.

Capt. C. H. Webber has been appointed deputy collector of internal revenue to succeed Mr. J. De Vinne.

The university regents have concluded not to sink for artesian water.

Life at Long Branch.

A DAY'S DOINGS AT THE FASHIONABLE SEASIDE RESORT.

Going to the Early Train—Lawn Tennis and Horseback Riding—Bathing Begins at 11 o'Clock—Afternoon Driving—Dinner and the Evening Hours.

People who live in Rome would find it difficult to pass the day as they would in Paris, and a New Yorker in Florence cannot live a day as he would in his own metropolis. Neither can a man, with all his victories over nature, pass a day in the Alps as he would on the banks of the Amazon. And so a man cannot carry out a day at Long Branch as he would at White Sulphur Springs. He does at Long Branch what the place permits him to do. Generally speaking, the summer population is up at 7 o'clock, because the great majority of the men go to New York every day to attend to business and they start at about 8.

Going to the train is the first business of the day, and a pretty sight it is to see the ladies in their fresh, white, morning gowns, driving their carts and phaetons down to the station with their husbands. The harness and horses and carriages, fresh from the hands of industrious grooms and coachmen, and unsported as yet by the dust of the day, glistened under the early morning sun. The air is cool and invigorating, and the bustle and confusion about the station has a fashionable picturesqueness about it that is charming to the student of society. After the business of the morning exodus is done, lawn tennis comes to enliven the day.

The game is exceedingly popular at Long Branch, where the fine lawns, of which I have spoken, furnish admirable courts.

About 9 o'clock in the morning you will see young men in white flannels and young ladies in loose gowns running about on the smooth turf, and entering into the game with an earnestness which fully atones for any lack of skill. Besides tennis, horseback riding claims attention.

The roads at the Branch are excellent for this exercise, and scores of equestrians may be seen every day taking a morning canter. Many of the ladies choose this part of the day to do their shopping, and East Long Branch is made very lively.

About 11 o'clock bathing begins to rise above the horizon. At the hotels the customary time for bathing is at low tide, but as the water is seldom so high or so rough in the summer that people cannot bathe at all hours, most of them select the hour of the day.

The refreshing influence of the bath prepares one to pass, with equanimity, the warm hours of the early afternoon, before the sea breeze springs up. At some of the hotels the bands give morning concerts at eleven, and these ladies who prefer to devote their afternoons to bathing sit in the parlors, listen to the music, and put forth a continuous flow of small talk. After luncheon most people at the Branch take the day leisurely, to avoid collisions.

The evening trains from New York and Philadelphia come in and carriages are dashed to and from the stations, while the hotel stages lumber along laden with incoming guests. The steamboats land at the pier, and there is a great rushing from all points of excursions who have come down from New York for the day and are eager to get seats for the return trip. Sailing vessels of all kinds are seen gliding along up and down the coast, and southern steamers pass by, generally running close in shore, dipping their flags, blowing their whistles and firing their guns. The men who have been all day in the steaming hot city rush down to the beach, don their bathing suits, and plunge into the surf. The women who could make their brilliant with the handsome costumes of ladies, the glitter of mounted harness and the flash of polished wheels.

By and by, as the dinner hour approaches, the bustle and confusion die away, or rather, transfer themselves to the hotel dining rooms, where the evening dinner is attended to in a manner which shows that the sea air is truly provocative of hunger. The evenings are usually passed in dancing, or looking at other people dance. The hotel bands play in the parlors every night, and when it is not too warm, waiting is indulged in to a great extent. Saturday evening is the fashionable night, when people from the outlying go to the hotel to dance, and a great number of dressing is made. As a general thing, however, people do not dress especially for the dancing, and full evening attire is the exception. The men who spend the day at business do not feel it incumbent upon them to put on their dress suits for the evening, and the ladies are, therefore, compelled to permit them to dance in business costume, if they so desire.—W. F. Henderson in Outlook.

The Apache Prisoners.

Lieutenant C. B. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, D. C. to General Mills, was in the city yesterday. He has been over at San Carlos where he went to have a talk with the Indians whom he informed that the four scouts who had been tried by court martial were to be taken to San Diego. The Indians did not like the idea of their four brethren being sent away, but Lieutenant Gatewood told them they might just as well submit quietly to the sentence, for if they attempted to create any disturbance they would all be sufferers. They finally consented to submit quietly, so the prisoners were shackled and taken from the agency in the presence of the Indians. A company of soldiers accompanied them to Wilcox. They passed through on last night's train and will be taken directly to San Diego Barracks in California. The other twelve Indians who are still prisoners will in all probability be turned over to the civil authorities for trial, and as the evidence against them is pretty strong, some if not all of them are liable to have the strength of their necks well tested.—Star.

Useful and Harmful Medicines.

There is a certain class of remedies for constipation absolutely useless. These are boluses and potions made in great part of podophyllin, aloes, rhubarb, gamboge, and other worthless ingredients. The damage they do to the stomachs of those who use them is incalculable. They evacuate the bowels, it is true, but always so violently and profusely, and besides, gripe the bowels. Their effect is to weaken both them and the stomach. Better far to use the agreeable and salutary aperient, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the laxative effect of which is never preceded by pain, or accompanied by a convulsive, violent action of the bowels. On the contrary, it invigorates those organs, the stomach and the entire system, as a means of curing and preventing malarial fevers, no medicine can compare with it, and it remedies nervous debility, rheumatism, kidney and bladder inactivity, and other inorganic ailments.

Capt. C. H. Webber has been appointed deputy collector of internal revenue to succeed Mr. J. De Vinne.

The university regents have concluded not to sink for artesian water.

The English Government Clerk.

In the course of many visits to England I have discussed with the chiefs of some of the leading bureaus, and have no reason to believe that the average Somerset house young man will do any more work than the average Washington clerk of either sex. It is a notorious fact that the sole aim of the clerks in the employ of the various departments of the British government is "how not to do it." What is the testimony of a young man who once held a position in a country house, and was subsequently appointed as a civil service writer in the British custom house? He merely applied his country house habits of industry to the government work.

In a few minutes an angry voice sounded in his ear, "For God's sake, man, don't work like that;